

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

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No. 281.

SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1822.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Grave of the Last Saxon; or the Legend of the Curfew. A Poem. By the Rev. W. L. Bowles, author of *Letters to Lord Byron*, *Poems*, &c. 8vo. pp. 111. London 1822. Hurst, Robinson & Co.

THE title-page of this work offers attractions which will not suffer any reviewer of taste, judgment or feeling, to delay his duty of bringing it under public notice. The name of the author stands too high among the sons of song, and the subject he has chosen is too full of interest, not to claim the earliest and most marked attention; though we must plead our circumscribed limits for resorting to an indication rather than a critical examination of *The Grave of the last Saxon*. Speaking generally, we rejoice to see poets like Mr. Bowles and Sir Walter Scott turning for themes to our national history, fertile as it is in every topic that can awaken the human passions, or serve as foundations for the lessons of truth. The memorable battle of Hastings, so long neglected by native bards, has recently been ably sung in twelve cantos by a foreign writer;* and we perceive from Mr. Bowles' Preface that the design was sketched by him several years ago. He has rescued it from the imagery of M. Dorian, and clothed it in a supernatural more consonant to the times and circumstances, as well as better suited for poetical effect. His versification is very harmonious, and so accurate is his ear that we could only detect one unmusical line† in the whole composition. But these are the least of Mr. Bowles' merits. The purity of his thoughts and the beauty of his imagination, both in the conception of the entire poem and in separate parts, deserve still more loudly the acclaim of popularity and the praise of criticism. We shall not detain our readers longer from enjoying these pleasures:

* Par M. Dorian, 2 vols. 8vo. republished last year in Paris, having originally appeared in ten cantos in 1806. To this work there is an interesting historical introduction, in which the state of Europe and the fortunes of the Conqueror are cleverly traced. Ego sum Willelmus, cognomento Bastardus, writes that warrior himself in a letter to the Count of Bretagne; and M. Dorian styles Harold Eralde. The machinery of the French author consists of God, Angels, Genii, Lucifer, Love, Sylphs, Enchanters, Apparitions; and in the 5th canto there is a grand poetical thought: Queen Elfrida goes in solemn procession to Westminster Abbey, and evokes the spirits of Alfred and the line of Saxon and Danish kings repulsed there, whose oracles are those of menace and ruin. On the whole his poem is on the model of the Italian epic, and we recommend it to our readers, though sufficiently national, as a remarkable modern French composition, accompanied by notes full of curious information.

† From morn till noon toiling, and then I said,

sure: an introductory canto proposes the subject, and takes a sweeping view of the grave and children of Harold, and of the northern wars preliminary to the battle of Hastings. In this we meet with the following fine contrast between Italy and England:

Fair Italy! thy hills and olive-groves,
A lovelier light empurples—or when Morn,
Streams o'er the cloudless van of Apennine,
Or more majestic Eve, on the wide scene,
Of columns, temples, arcs, and aqueducts,
Sits, like reposing Glory, and collects
Her richest radiance at that parting hour; [out
While distant domes, touch'd by her hand, shine
More solemnly, 'mid the gray monuments,
That strew th' illustrious plain; yet say, can these,
E'en when their pomp is proudest, and the sun,
Sinks o'er the ruins of Immortal Rome,
A holy int'rest wake, intense as that,
Which visits his full heart, who, sever'd long,
And home returning, sees once more the light
Shine on the land where his forefathers sleep;
Sees its white cliffs at distance, and exclaims,
"There I was born, and there my bones shall rest?"

The author also abjures other subjects of song, and among the rest America, to which his allusions are of a high order of poetry. For example:

Nor mine, thou wond'rous WESTERN WORLD,
The thunder of thy cataracts, or paint [to call
The mountains and the vast volcano-range
Of Cordilleras, high above the stir
Of human things, lifting to middle air
Their snows in everlasting solitude,
Upon whose nether crags the vulture, lord
Of summits inaccessible, looks down,
Unhearing, when the thunder dies below!

These two brief extracts lead us to observe that the most obviously fine passages in the poem are those of contrasts, as in the first; or of charming poetical expression, as in the conclusion of the last, where the image of eagle "unhearing" the thunder below is magnificent. Perhaps we cannot illustrate the strain more properly than by selecting other instances of both these graces, without reference to the lucidus ordo of the narrative. Thus we find the following two among several admirable contrasts:

Youth and Age. (Ailric the ancient monk answers the high hopes of young Edgar Etheling.)

Youth, on thy light hair, and ingenuous brow,
Most comely sits the morn of life; on me,
And this bare head, the night of time descends.
In sorrow. I look back upon the past,
And think of joy and sadness upon earth,
Like the vast ocean's fluctuating toil
From everlasting! I have seen its waste
Now in the sunshine sleeping—now high-ridged
With storms; and such the kingdoms of the earth.
Yes, youth, and flattering fortune, and the light
Of summer days, are as the radiance
That flits along the solitary waves,
E'en whilst we gaze, and say, "how beautiful!"

So fitful and so perishing the dream
Of human things. But there is light above,
Undying; and, at times, faint harmonies
Heard, by the weary pilgrim, in his way
O'er perilous rocks, and through unwater'd wastes,
Who looks up, fainting, and prays earnestly,
To pass into that rest, whence sounds so sweet
Come, whispering of hope; else it were best,
Beneath the load the forlorn heart endures,
To sink at once; to shut the eyes on things
That sear the sight; and so to wrap the soul
In sullen, tearless, ruthless apathy?
Therefore, midst ev'ry human change, I drop
A tear upon the cross, and all is calm;
Yes, full of blissful—and of brightest views,
On this dark tide of time.

Youth, thou hast known
Adversity; even in thy morn of life,
The spring-tide rainbow fades, and many days,
And many years, perchance, of weal or woe
Hang o'er thee: happy, if through ev'ry change
Thy constant heart, thy steadfast view, be fix'd
Upon that better kingdom, where the crown
Immortal is held out to holy hope,
Beyond the clouds that rest upon the grave.

Oh! I remember when King Harold stood
Blooming in youth like thee: I saw him crown'd—
I heard the loud voice of a nation hail
His rising star: then, flaming in mid-heaven
The red portentous comet, like the hand
Upon the wall, came forth: its fatal course
All mark'd, and gazed in terror, as it look'd,
With lurid light, upon this land. It pass'd—
Old men had many bodings; but I saw,
Reckless, King Harold, in his plumed helm,
Ride foremost of the mailed chivalry,
That, when the fierce Norwegian pass'd the seas,
Met his host, man to man; I saw the sword,
Advanced and glittering, in the victor's hand,
That smote the HAUSDRA to the earth! To-day,
King Harold rose, like an avenging God,
To-morrow (so it seem'd, so short the space),
To-morrow, through the field of blood, we sought
His mangled corse amid the heaps of slain—

Peace and War. (After painting a delicious evening.)

- - - If such an hour
Seem'd smiling on the heart, how smiled it now,
To him, who yesternight, a soldier, stood
Amid the direst sight of human strife,
And bloodshed; heard the cries, the trumpet's blast,
Ring o'er the dying; saw, with all its tow'rs,
A city blazing to the midnight sky,
And mingled groups of miserable men,
Gaspng or dead, whilst with his iron heel [scene!
He splash'd the blood beneath! How chang'd the
The sun's last light upon the battlements,
The sea, the landscape, the peace-breathing air,
Remember'd both, of the departed hours
Of early life, - - -

Of the brilliant flashes, of which a single word or turn of a sentence is the charm, we shall produce only a few additional examples.

On the night of the first adventure of her brethren and friends to recover the throne of Harold for his issue, Adela is re-

presented as watching on a tower of Ravenspur Castle on the Nlumber :

"Let us go up to the west turret's top,"
Adela cried; "let us go up—the night
Is still, and to the east great ocean's hum
Is scarcely heard. If but a wand'ring step,
Or distant shout, or dip of harp's ring oar,
Or tramp of steed, or far-off trumpet, break
The hush'd horizon, we can catch the sound,
When breathless expectation watches there."

Hark! 'twas a shout,
And sounds at distance as of marching men!
No! all is silent, save the tide, that rules,
At times, the beach, or breaks beneath the cliff.

Evening—
Tranquil and clear the autumnal day declined:
The barks at anchor cast their lengthen'd shades
On the gray bastion'd walls; airs from the deep
Wander'd, and touch'd the cordage as they pass'd,
Then hover'd with expiring breath, and stirr'd
Scarce the quiescent pennant; the bright sea
Lay silent in its glorious amplitude,
Without; far up, in the pale atmosphere,
A white cloud, here and there, hung over-head,
And some red freckles streak'd the horizon's edge,
Far as the sight could reach: beneath the rocks,
That rear'd their dark brows beetling o'er the bay,
The gulls and guillemots, with short, quaint cry,
Just broke the sleeping stillness of the air,
Or skimming almost touch'd the level main,
With wings far seen, and more intensely white,
Opposed to the blue space; whilst Panope
Roll'd in the offing.

Religious feeling—
"There is a JUDG' in heaven," the women said,
"Who seeth all things; and there is a VOICE,
Inaudible midst the tumultuous world,
That speaks of fear or comfort to the heart.
When all is still!"

The Saxon fleet on its way to England—
The broad banner, in full length
Stream'd out its folds, on which the Saxon horse
Ramp'd, as impatient on the land to leap,
To which the winds still bore it bravely on;
Whilst the red cross, on the front banner, shone,
The hoar deep crimsoning.

The effect of first hearing the curfew on the children of Harold—

Now twilight veil'd
The sinking sands of Yarmouth, and we heard
A long deep toll from many a village tower
On shore—and lo! the scatter'd in-land lights,
That sprinkled, winding ocean's lowly verge,
At once are lost in darkness—"GOD IN HEAVEN,
IT IS THE CURFEW!" Godwin cried, and smote
His forehead. We all heard that sullen sound
For the first time, that night; but the winds blew—
Our ship sail'd out of hearing; yet we thought
Of the poor mother, who on winter nights,
(When her belated husband from the wood
Was not come back,) her lonely taper lit,
And turn'd the glass, and saw the faggot-flame
Shine on the faces of her little ones—
Those times will ne'er return.

We know not what variety of opinion
may pass on these extracts, but for ourselves
we are free to say that we deem them of
the sweetest poetry, in mind and in execution.

We have intimated that we would rather
illustrate this work by detached pieces than
by winding with the thread of the story: we
shall therefore only mention that Harold's
funeral is pathetically described, not only

as a poetical vision, but as a reality from
the mouth of Ailric. The opening of the
second canto (there are four) with the ne-
cro-nancy of Weird Sisters prophesying
"Woe, more woe," is striking and effective;
and in various parts the introduction of in-
vocations, songs, &c. conduces much to re-
lieve and to improve the poem. We pass
by a splendid picture of William holding
his first court in the Tower of London, his
superstitions and dream, to give the con-
clusion of one of the latter varieties, as sung
to him on starting from his troubled couch;
it is entitled Song of the Battle of Hast-
ings.

The fleet sail'd on, till, Pevensey! we saw thy
welcome strand; [less leaps to land.
Duke WILLIAM now his anchor casts, and daunt-

The English host, by HAROLD led, at length appear
in sight, [prepar'd for fight;
And now they raise a deafening shout, and stand
The hostile legions halt awhile, and their long lines
display, [array.

Now front to front they stand, in still and terrible
Give out the ward, "God, and our right!" rush
like a storm along, [ROLAND'S SONG!
LIFT UP GOD'S BANNER, and advance, resounding
Ye, spearmen, poise your lances well, by brave
MONTGOMERIE led, [to the head.
Ye, archers, bend your bows, and draw the arrows
They draw—the bent bows ring—huzzah! another
flight, and, hark! [hissing dark.

How the sharp arrow shower beneath the sun goes
Hark! louder grows the deadly strife, till all the
battle-plain [and horses slain.
Is red with blood, and heap'd around with men
On! Normans, on! DUKE WILLIAM cried, and,
HAROLD, tremble Thou,
Now think upon thy perjury, and of thy broken vow.
The banner* of thy ARMED KNIGHT, thy shield,
thy helm, are vain— [his brain!
The fatal shaft has sped,—By Heav'n! it hieses in
So William won the English crown, and all his
foe-men beat,— [feet.

And Harold, and his Britons brave, lay silent at his
A dirge by the monks of Waltham, over
Harold's grave, is another pleasing specimen
of the author's diversified manner.

William, who arrives during this dirge,
and prays over Harold's grave, on retiring
loses his way in the forest, and is at last
sheltered in a hut by a lone woman, Editha,
the mistress of Harold. Their meeting
and colloquy is impressive; but we think
her song, though very simple and lyrical,
the least in character of any thing in the
volume: excepting, however, its last verse—

Upon the field of blood,
Amidst the bleeding brave,
O'er his pale corse I stood—
But HE is in HIS GRAVE.
I wip'd his gory brow,
I smooth'd his clotted hair—
But he is at peace, in the cold ground now—
Oh! when shall we meet there?"

Of equal merit with this are the chants
of the Hags met on the wilds of Holderness,
and foreseeing the defeat and destruction
of the Saxons by William, in the beginning
of the fourth canto:

There the wan sisters met—
They circled the rude stone, and call'd the dead,
And sung by turns their more terrific song:

* Harold's banner had the device of an armed
knight.

1st Hag. I look'd in the seer's prophetic glass,
And saw the deeds that should come to pass—
From Carlisle-Wall to Flamborough Head,
The reeking soil was heap'd with dead.

2d Hag. The towns were stirring at dawn of day,
And the children went out in the morn to play;
The lark was singing onholt and hill—
I look'd again, but the towns were still,
The murder'd child on the ground was thrown,
And the lark was singing to heav'n alone.

3d Hag. I saw a famish'd mother lie,
Her lips were livid, and glas'd her eye;
The tempest was rising, and sung in the south,
And I snatch'd the blade of grass from her mouth.

4th Hag. By the rolling of the drums!
Hitherward KING WILLIAM comes:
The night is struggling with the day—
Hags of darkness! hence! away!

William marches to the North, and over-
powers all his enemies. Adela, Godwin and
Edmund, in the disguise of pilgrims, visit their
father's grave, where they meet their brother
Marcus (the Magnus of history) a youthful
monk, and Editha. The scene is affecting,
and we could only have wished that the
accounts of Marcus and Editha had been
given before, as they tend to protract and
weaken the denouement in its crisis. Os-
good the monk's prayer, and the conclusion,
will serve both for illustration and finale.
O'er the LAST SAXON'S GRAVE, old Osgood rais'd
His hands, and pray'd—

"FATHER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH!
All is beneath thine eye! 'tis ours to bend
In silence. Children of misfortune, lov'd,
Rever'd—children of HIM who rais'd these roofs,
No home is found for YOU in this sad land;
And none, perhaps, may know the spot, or shed
A tear upon the earth where ye are laid!"
So saying, on their heads he plac'd his hands,
And bless'd them all—but, after pause, rejoind,
"Tis dangerous lingering here—the fire-ey'd Lynx
Would lap your blood!"—Westward, beyond the
Leas,

There is a cell, where ye may rest to-night."

The portal open'd—on the battlements
The moonlight shone—silent and beautiful!
Before them lay their path through the wide world—
The nightingales were singing as they pass'd;
And, looking back upon the moonlight towers,
THEY, led by Ailric, and with thoughts on Heav'n's,
Through the lone forest held their pensive way!

We need add no commendations to a
production which can thus recommend itself.

*Illustrations of the Literary History of the
Eighteenth Century, consisting of authentic
Memoirs and Original Letters of Eminent
Persons, and intended as a Sequel to the
Literary Anecdotes.* By John Nichols,
F.S.A. London, 1822. 8vo. pp. 888.
J. Nichols & Son.

Of such a mass of literary, biographical,
and interesting information as is contained
in this goodly octavo, we can as yet render
but a poor account. We can only say that,
exercising a *sortes* upon its 888 pages, we
have never dipped any where that we did
not find matter to stop, to amuse, and to
instruct us. Probably, indeed, this is the
best mode of perusing such a work, which
is one that defies classification, and is full
of scattered intelligence, especially on anti-

quarian subjects. Perhaps our friends will have the goodness this week to accept of a few random bricks from this literary building, as sample of the edifice.

In the year 1740, Mr. Anstis writes *inter alia* to Mr. Ames:—

Have you any where taken notice that our first Printers, being Germans, and having no letters proper to express the sounds of some of our words, used letters of their own that did not properly express them, such as of S or D, for which they used their own th, and so on in some others, &c.?

One of your letters was I remember concerning the Antiquity of Playing-cards, which the French generally ascribe to the year 1392, as being there invented for the diversion of their King during his intermitting lunatic fits; but I have reason to suppose them more ancient, for reasons I shall give you. However, I wish you would instruct yourself from some of the card-makers with the ancient French names that were inscribed upon the coat cards. Such as Poisson de Xantraillies, &c.; Hector de Troy; Ozier Danois, &c. Escentheons in paintings are much older. The Earl of Pembroke told me that the original of printing drawboards was taken by such as took off the impressions of coat arms from the engravings upon household utensils.

Mr. George Ballard, speaking of our old printers, says—

All I can send you at present as additional to the Life of Caxton is his inscription, which I have upon a spare leaf at the beginning of his 'Fructus Temporum' (printed by Julian Notary, ann. 1615), and is as follows: 'Of your charitee pray for the soule of Mayster Wylliam Caxton, that in hys tyme was a man of moche ornate, and moche renommied wysdome and conyng, and decessyd full crystenly the yere of our Lord MCCCCXXXII.

Modyr of merci shyld hym from thorrybull fynd, And bryng hym to lyft yernal that never hath ynd.'

From a curious MS. of Mr. Gale we take the following:—

A strange Relation of what happened to a Man at Lambeth; recorded in Latin, by Dr. Thomas Gale, and translated by Mr. Roger Gale, his eldest son, in the year 1710.

At Lambeth in Surrey lives one Francis Culham, an honest man, and of good reputation, a Surgeon by profession. He was seized with a strange disturbance of mind, that held him four years and five months, from which he recovered a little more than two years ago. The whole is as follows:

He was at first attacked with a great heaviness in his head, and took to his bed, after a numbness that spread itself all over his body in three days time. The first month he hardly eat or drank any thing. The second he fasted ten days together, and would often afterwards refuse all manner of sustenance, sometimes for five, sometimes for seven days together; and when he did eat, made no difference between raw and roasted flesh. He never moved in his bed; and passed the first year without sleeping; his eyes at least were always open, and immovably fixed on the ceiling of the room. During the whole four years he never spoke a word, but only uttered some inarticulate brutal noises. Neither took he any notice of his wife and children. In the mean time, every thing was attempted for his cure by the doctors and

surgeons; but he bore all the torture they put him to without the least discovery of his feeling any pain; and when he was given over by every body, on a sudden he recovered beyond all hope.

The Friday in Whitsun-week 1675, he fancied himself to be awakened out of a deep sleep; his heart and his bowels by little and little grew loose and warm. [These are his own words.] His breast was eased of the load that till then oppressed it; and at last he heard a voice, that exhorted him to pray, and told him after that he should be well again. He then made signs for pen and paper, and wrote, as well as his shaking hand would suffer him, 'I desire prayers may be said for me.' Two Clergymen unexpectedly came in, namely, Dr. Thomas Gale and Mr. Perrie; and, after much discourse, finding there was no cheat in it, said the prayers appointed in the Common-Prayer-book for the Visitation of the Sick. When they came to 'Glory be to the Father,' &c. the sick man, with a loud voice, and abundance of tears, broke out into these words, 'Glory be to God on High!' with several other expressions of praise and thanksgiving. In two days' time, his hands, and his feet, and all his limbs that had hitherto lost their uses, recovered it again. He knew nothing at all that had befel him during the whole four years, and was always very unwilling to be engaged in any discourse about this strange distemper, being afraid (as he used to say) lest he should wake a sleeping Lion.

The truth I Thomas Gale do most solemnly affirm.

Mr. George Plaxton, in 1711, thus oddly describes the Whig party to which he was opposed, in a letter to the Hon. Heneage Finch (afterwards 5th Lord Winchelsea.)

Thus here is a wonderful turn of affairs, yet there is no alteration in the Whiggs; they are the same in and out of power, constant and firm to themselves and principles. Thus we find that

Strickland in Strickland lives, the point is strong; And Cantine sings the old paternal song. John Lilburn's spirit Osman has put on, He squabbles, roars, and 's mutinous as John; Eats up himself, in hopes of growing greater, Sour as an oat-cake, hollow as a fritter; Compos'd of rancour, pride, and much ill-nature. Baptiz'd at Meribah, the peevish elfe, Now chang'd from others, preys upon himselfe.

Now, as for Whiggs, I have traced them out, and find them out, and find them predominant in all ranks and orders of creatures; every part of the creation is troubled with them, and you find no set of animals but there are Whigsters among them.

At sea and land, in salt water and fresh, you have them. Thus, Sir, among the quadrupeds, you have tygers, wolves, badgers, bears, foxes, jackalls, chameleons, rats and mice, wild-cats, foomards, weasels, with a multitude of Whig animals.

Amongst birds we have vultures, kites, screech-owles, buzzards, rooks, daws, carrion-crows, hawks, jays, cormorants, hen-harrows, and magpies.

Amongst fishes, alligators, crocodiles, sharks, porpoises, pikes, gramps, eels, whales, sword-fish, and congers.

Amongst serpents, vipers, snakes, adders, blind-worms, scorpions, rattle-snakes, lizards.

Amongst insects, hornets, wasps, flesh-flies, hennals, bugs, warbles, maggots, punirs, lops, lice, caterpillars, and spiders.

In the kingdom of plants there are nettles, thistles, hemlocks, tares, quicks, arsmart, and corkle.

But amongst men they abound under the names of knaves, fools, haughty, hypocrites, discontented, discarded, sour, ambitious, proud, ill-natured, silly, malicious, intriguers, cowards, wheedlers, covetous, cheats, fit-rebels, liars, and surmizors, atheists, deists, and nullifidians. In short, every man that is not loyal, orthodox, and honest, is a Whigg.

But, leaving this sour subject, *meliora canamus*. Let us come to a familiar Catechisme. How do you like Canterbury? How did Bully Rock receive you? Is his corruption in his head or in his feet? Is his mitre tin, lead, or pewter; or, like the Saramites, Corinthian? Are his lawn sleeves really blue? or is it only the cast of the indigo, and proceeds from the folly of his laundress? Does he wear the cloak above the gown? and the precise neckcloth above the band? Is his black cap hooped with lincen? and his cassock of Tom Dennison's cut? In short, what is the bulk, stature, and selvidge of the man? Is he bigger or less than his predecessor? In what climate stands Lambeth? because I am told 'tis always summer there; if so, their heads must be flie-blown. I congratulate you on your happy fall of preferment. I have had my share too; but I fell downwards, as you fell upwards—one from my horse, and another from the horse-block; however, I have got a new livery in my skin, if I get nothing else. I am now a worse cripple than ever, and am become a walking Clogg*, an Almanack to foretell weather, and shew changes; however, I must always be unalterably Yours, &c.

GEORGE PLAXTON.

We conclude with a very interesting paper:—

Copy of a Letter from the Rev. Dr. Dodd, written a day or two before his Death.

TO PHILIP THICKNESSE, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—I am just at present not very well, and incapable of judging. I will communicate your kind paper to my Friends. My Brother will be at Mrs. Porter's this evening. Many thanks for your attention. I rather think it would do harm, and be thought a mob. Yours, &c. W. DODD.

Remarks by Mr. THICKNESSE.

When I consider the real character of this man, I suspect that though mankind have complimented themselves with the idea of being rational creatures, I am apt to doubt it. That we are the most artful and cunning of all created beings, is true; but does that prove that either Dodd, me, or you, are rational? Dodd was one of the best tempered men on earth; generous, charitable, and happy to serve or assist every man who required his time, his purse, or his advice. He had great susceptibility, and went through what was worse than a thousand deaths during his long confinement. Visiting him one morning, I asked him how he had slept? 'I have slept none to-night,' said he, 'they have been all night unrivetting and knocking off the chains of the felons who suffered to-day, and every blow they gave was to me as an electric shock!' The last time I saw him (going unfortunately when Mrs. Dodd was taking her last farewell of him), I found them with their

* Alluding to the curious wooden Almanack so denominated; one of which is engraved in Gough's Camden, vol. II. p. 374.

hands closed in each others, lost and insensible to every object which surrounded them, with such distress of mind painted on their countenances, that I should have thought it an act of charity had some benevolent hand struck them instantly dead. It was a tragedy scene of such horror, that the tears now roll down my cheeks while I am relating it, as they did while I was the sad spectator of a scene undescribable, and horribly affecting. It was the minute in my whole life in which I coveted power. I quitted the room, but the scene can never be effaced from my memory. I am persuaded, that though both their eyes were wide open, and their hearts fluttering with inconceivable agitations, they neither of them had the power of sight, speech, or motion! That was the minute to have been a King!

After Dodd's death, I heard of some transactions of his, which lessened, though not removed, my concern for his fate.

When I arrived in England from France, I asked the Custom-house Officers for news. They told me a Doctor of Divinity was in Newgate for forgery; and I instantly (I know not why) said in my mind, *Then it is Dr. Dodd.*

P. THICKESSE.

Compression is all that this volume seems to need.

SIR R. K. PORTER'S TRAVELS IN GEORGIA, PERSIA, BABYLONIA, ETC.

On the 24th of August the travellers re-entered Isfahan, having been attacked by a Bactrian banditti, but suffered no other inconvenience in this summer route between Shiraz and that city. The author here favours us with a clear view of the Persian character, and a retrospective, as well as present notice of the religion, &c. of the country; but our course is rather to follow his travels, and we set out with him again, on the 31st of August, for Ecbatana and the Ancient Assyria. Great part of this is the line of march of Alexander the Great; and our countryman had occasion to witness the inhospitality of some of the descendants of the ancient savage tribes which dwelt there, the Bactriani, Lack, and Fieli. On the 13th of September, however, he safely reached Hamadan, the Ecbatana of old times, and capital of the Medes. His description is fine:—

... The country we passed over to-day, like that of yesterday, was a regular inclined plane; and being covered in the same way as the former, with minor hills and dales, it was not till we had surmounted the summit of the last acclivity of this sort, and were within two miles only of the place itself, that we had any glimpse of the town. But from this elevated spot, it lay before me; and I may truly make use of that word, to express the effect of its appearance. I had not expected to see Ecbatana as Alexander found it; neither in the superb ruin in which Timur had left it; but, almost unconsciously to myself, some indistinct ideas of what it had been, floated before me; and when I actually beheld its remains, it was with the appalled shock of seeing a prostrate dead body, where I had anticipated a living man, though drooping to decay. Orontes, indeed, was there, magnificent, and hoary headed; the funeral monument of the poor corpse beneath. Having, for a few moments, gazed

at the venerable mountain, and on the sad vacuum at its base; what had been Ecbatana, being now shrunk to comparative nothingness; I turned my eye on the still busy scene of life, which occupied the adjacent country; the extensive plain of Hamadan, and its widely extending hills. On our right, the receding vale was varied, at short distances, with numberless castellated villages rising from amidst groves of the noblest trees; while the great plain itself, stretched northward and eastward to such far remoteness, that its mountain boundaries appeared like clouds upon the horizon. This whole tract seemed one carpet of luxuriant verdure, studded with hamlets, and watered by beautiful rivulets. On the south-west, Orontes, or Elwund, (by whichever name we may designate this most towering division of the mountain,) presents itself, in all the stupendous grandeur of its fame and form. Near to its base, appear the dark-coloured dwellings of Hamadan, crowded thickly on each other; while the gardens of the inhabitants, with their connecting orchards and woods, fringe the entire slope of that part of the mountain. Its higher regions exhibit every variety of picturesque forms, and indigenous vegetable production, whether in scent or hue; while from its rocky crest the brightness of the risen sun was reflected, mingling its rays with the brilliantly clear springs which wind in rills amongst its upland paths; or roll in accumulated streams, down upon the plain below, inviting, and assisting the hand of industry. If the aspect of this part of the country now presents so rich a picture, "when its palaces are no more!" what must it have been when Astyages held his court here; and Cyrus, in his yearly courses from Persepolis, Susa, and Babylon, stretched his golden sceptre over this delicious plain? Well might such a garden of nature's bounties be the favourite seat of kings, the nursery of the arts, and all the graceful courtesies of life: every thing was here, to incline the mind to urbanity, taste, and elegance; to endear his country to the brave Mede; and to polish the manners, which Heaven had fated, from the time of Cyrus, to be long the model of nations. . . .

Ecbatana is now a wretched place of mud alleys and miserable bazars; but Sir Robert says—

... In one or two spots I observed square platforms, composed of large stones; the faces of many of which were chiselled all over into the finest arabesque fretwork, whilst others had, in addition, long inscriptions in the Arabic character. They had evidently been tombstones of the inhabitants, during the caliph rule in Persia. But when we compare relics of the seventh century, with the deep antiquity of the heaped ruins on which they lie, these monumental remains seem but the register of yesterday. For what purpose, or when they were disturbed from their original destination, and arranged in their present order, are subjects of no easy conjecture. The only thing that appears for some years to have kept the place in any degree of notice with the modern Persians, is the manufacture of a superior sort of leather; but the very article of traffic proclaims the low order of population to which it has been abandoned; and as I passed through the wretched, hovelled streets, and saw the once lofty city of Astyages, shrunk like a shrivelled gourd, the contemplation of

such a spectacle called forth more saddening reflections than any that had been awakened in me on any former ground of departed greatness. In some I had seen mouldering pomp, or sublime desolation; in this, every object spoke of neglect, and hopeless poverty. Not majesty in stately ruin, pining to final dissolution on the spot where it was first blasted; but beggary, seated on the place where kings had occupied, squalid in rags, and stupid with misery. It was impossible to look on it and not exclaim, "Oh! Ecbatana, seat of princes! How is the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!" Some attempts are indeed making, to dislodge the fiend of waste and wretchedness from this once noble city. Within these twelve months it has been created a royal government, and committed to the care of Mahmoud Ali Mirza, a son of the Shah's. In consequence of this appointment, plans are now laying, to raise it to a more equal rank with other provincial capitals. Palaces for his royal highness, and mansions for his ministers, are erecting in the most desirable situations; and new bazars, with mercantile caravansaries, have had more than their foundations laid.

It contains about 9000 houses.

The local traditions are very curious. The author thus mentions them:—

As the officers of this little court are at present almost strangers to the place, I could not gain any satisfactory intelligence from them respecting its objects of interest, or remains of antiquity. Indeed some of my questions surprised even the vizier's high-bred courtesy, into a smile; but when I told him that one of my leading objects in visiting Persia, was to see the ruins of Tack-i-Jemshedd, he looked in amaze; and then appeared as if he solved the problem to himself, by supposing me somewhat mad. In short, all I could learn from him or his guests on these subjects, was, that the summit of Mount Elwund possessed a tomb containing the body of a son of Solomon; and that certain ravines of the mountain produced a plant, not only capable of converting all kinds of metal into gold, but likewise of virtue to cure every possible disease. Of course, none of the company had seen any of the metal so transmuted, nor any of the people so cured; but, nevertheless, their belief was firm on the subject,—that, could they be lucky enough to discover the clefts where the herb grew, the philosopher's stone, and the elixir vitae, might then be deemed at their disposal.

Having failed in gaining the information I desired from the satrapes of the place, I had recourse to persons of less dignity; but received just the same kind of fabulous legends, with an additional story about a stone in the side of Mount Elwund; which, they said, contained an inscription in cabalistic characters, unintelligible to every body who had hitherto looked on it; but if any body could read them aloud, and understand their import at the same moment, an effect would be produced that might shake the mountain to its centre; it being the spell which protected ingress to an immense buried treasure, which, when once pronounced, must instantly be unfolded by the genii of its subterranean cavern, and laid at the feet of the fortunate invoker of this golden secret. The Jewish part of the inhabitants with whom I conversed, shook their heads at the history of the Judean tomb on the mountain, but ex-

tered with a solemn interest into the questions I put to them, respecting the sepulchre of Esther and Mordecai: the dome roof of which rises over the low, dun habitations of the poor remnant of Israel, still lingering in the land of their captivity. This tomb is regarded by all the Jews who yet exist in the empire, as a place of particular sanctity; and pilgrimages are still made to it at certain seasons of the year, in the same spirit of holy penitence with which in former times they turned their eyes towards Jerusalem. Being desirous of visiting a place, which Christians cannot view without reverence, I sent to request that favour of the priest under whose care it is preserved. He came to me immediately on my message, and seemed pleased with the respect manifested towards the ancient people of his nation, in the manner with which I asked to be admitted to their shrine. - - -

I accompanied the priest through the town, over much ruin and rubbish, to an enclosed piece of ground, rather more elevated than any in its immediate vicinity. In the centre was the Jewish tomb; a square building of brick, of a mosque-like form, with a rather elongated dome at the top. The whole seems in a very decaying state; falling fast to the mouldered condition of some wall-fragments around, which, in former times, had been connected with, and extended the consequence of the sacred enclosure. The door that admitted us into the tomb, is in the ancient sepulchral fashion of the country, very small; consisting of a single stone of great thickness, and turning on its own pivots from one side. Its key is always in possession of the head of the Jews, resident at Hamadan; and, doubtless, has been so preserved, from the time of the holy pair's interment, when the grateful sons of the captivity, whose lives they had rescued from universal massacre, first erected a monument over the remains of their benefactors, and obeyed the ordinance of gratitude in making the anniversary of their preservation, a lasting memorial of Heaven's mercy, and the just faith of Esther and Mordecai.

This tomb was built on the site of the original, which was destroyed by Timour.

Sir Robert ascended the mountain behind the town, to see the mysterious stone with the unintelligible writing, when he came upon a platform for the ancient fire-worship, though called the tomb of Solomon's son, as almost every remarkable place in the East is connected with the name of the wise Judean monarch. The view from the mountain, however, compensated him for every disappointment, and the picture he draws of it is very striking. He says—

I stood on the highest eastern peak of Elwund. The apparently interminable ranges of the Cordistan mountains spread before me, far to the north-west; while continued chains of the less towering heights of Louri-stan stretched south-east; and, linking themselves with the more lofty piles of the Bactari, my eye followed their receding summits, till lost in the hot and tremulous haze of an Asiatic distant sky. The general hue of this endless mountain region was murky red; to which, in many parts, the arid glare of the atmosphere gave so preternatural a brightness, that it might well have been called a land of fire. From the point on which I stood, I beheld the whole map of

the country round the unbroken concave: it was of enormous expanse; and, although from the clearness of the air, and the cloudless state of the heavens, no object was shrouded from sight, yet, from the immensity of the height whence I viewed the scene, the luxuriance of the valleys was entirely lost in the shadows of the hills; and nothing was left visible to the beholder from the top of Elwund, but the bare and burning summits of countless mountains. Not a drop of water was discernible, of all the many streams which poured from their bosoms into the plains beneath. In my life, I never had beheld so tremendous a spectacle; it appeared like standing on the stony crust of some rocky world, which had yet to be broken up by the Almighty word, and unfold to the beneficent mandate, the fructifying principles of earth and water, bursting into vegetation and terrestrial life. The great Salt-desert terminates the horizon on the east, but it is only distinguishable through the openings of the high serrated range of mountains which run down from Koom to Ispahan. That quarter of the view, though in reality the most arid, by some inexplicable effect of the time, did not present so awfully barren and scorched an appearance as the western chains. Indeed, if it were wished to fix upon a spot in order to shew the dominant character of an Asiatic landscape, the peak of Elwund might be chosen as the best; since it presents rock, mountain, and desert, a brazen soil, with a sky of fire.

The mysterious stone itself is an immense block of red granite, many thousand tons weight, and of a very close and fine texture—

- - - At full ten feet from the ground, two square excavations appear in the face of the stone, cut to the depth of a foot, about five in breadth, and much the same in height. Each of these imperishable tablets contains three columns of engraved arrow-headed writing, in the most excellent preservation.

The author adds—

- - - The natives call these sculptured writings the Gunj Nambal, or history of the treasure, which is reserved for him alone by whom it can be deciphered. And a treasure it must prove whenever its true meaning is discovered; for no doubt can be entertained of its casting much guiding light on the early history of this very ancient capital. In short, wherever we find these apparently primeval characters, we cannot hesitate in believing that the places where they are stamped must have been amongst the first settlements of mankind after the flood; and, indeed, in almost all the most ancient cities of the world, which have left any traceable remains, we have found some fragments of the arrow-headed character. - - -

At Ecbatana Sir Robert made an interesting collection of Sassanian and Arsacidan coins; and on the 18th September resumed his route through Media.

THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL.

(Concluded.)

We have mentioned that Dalgarno seduced Nigel to the gambling-house of Chevalier Beaujeu, who provided also the fare of a restaurateur, then quite a novelty in London. This rogue's portrait is well done, but we can only give one of the strokes,

- - - The company and conversation was so agreeable, that Nigel's rigour was softened by it, even towards the master of ceremonies, and he listened with patience to various details which the Chevalier de Beaujeu, seeing, as he said, that Milor's taste lay for the "curieux et l'utile," chose to address to him in particular, on the subject of cookery. To gratify, at the same time, the taste for antiquity, which he somehow supposed that his new guest possessed, he lunched out in commendation of the great artists of former days, particularly one whom he had known in his youth, "Maitre de Cuisine to the Marechal Strozzi—tres bon gentilhomme pourtant;" who had maintained his master's table with twelve covers every day during the long and severe blockade of Le petit Leyth, although he had nothing better to place on it than the quarter of a carrion-horse now and then, and the grass and weeds that grew on the ramparts. "Des par diex c'etait un homme superbe! With me tisteh-head, and a nettle or two, he could make a soupe for twenty guests—an haunch of a little puppy-dog made a roti des plus excellents; but his coup de maitre was when the rendition—what you call the surrender, took place and appended; and then, dieu me damme, he made out of the hind quarter of one salted horse, forty-five converts; that the English and Scottish officers and nobility, who had the honour to dine with Monseigneur upon the rendition, could not tell what the devil any one of them were made upon at all."

Soon a quarrel ensues at the table d'hôte, and a Citizen and Low Country captain, one Peppercull, figure on the tapis. The affray reminds us strongly of a favourite old ballad poem of ours, ascribed to L'Estrange, in which a similar affray takes place in consequence of the same words being uttered; but the author of Nigel does not spin out the resemblance. From the tavern Nigel goes to the play-house, to see Burrage perform Richard, and we never read any thing so well applied to himself as the great unknown has here very briefly said of Shakespeare:

Nigel Olifant was too eagerly and deeply absorbed in the interest of the scene, to be capable of playing his part as became the place where he was seated. He felt all the magic of that sorcerer, who had displayed, within the paltry circle of a wooden booth, the long wars of York and Lancaster, compellin the heroes of either line to stalk across the scene in language and fashion as they lived, as if the grave had given up the dead for the amusement and instruction of the living.

The unsuspecting Glenvarloch falls into the snares of his adversaries, and without becoming absolutely vicious, incurs all the odium of the greatest vice. Even his prudence aggravates the reproach, for he is accused of meanness for not playing deep, and becomes the ruiner of little gamesters instead of risking his all with his equals; and he is held to be the violator of Christie's marriage bed merely from not having courage enough to deny the jocular imputations of the real criminal, Dalgarno. At this period the quaint but sturdy Richie Monipplies determines to leave him, and the scene between them in consequence of that

resolution, is not surpassed, as we think, by any thing of the kind that ever was written.

"Said he (Richie to John Christie) if my lord is not weary of this London life, I ken one that is, videlicet myself; and I am weel determined to see Arthur's Seat again ere I am many weeks older."

Richie Moniplies was as good as his word. Two or three mornings after the young lord had possessed himself of his new lodgings, he appeared before Nigel, as he was preparing to dress, having left his pillow at an hour much later than had formerly been his custom.

As Nigel looked upon his attendant, he observed there was a gathering gloom upon his solemn features which expressed either additional importance or superadded discontent, or a portion of both.

"How now," he said, "what is the matter this morning, Richie, that you have made your face so like the grotesque mask on one of the spouts yonder?" pointing to the Temple Church, of which Gothic building they had a view from the window.

Richie swivelled his head a little to the right with as little alacrity as if he had the erick in his neck, and instantly resuming his posture, replied—"Creak here, creak there—it were nae such matters that I have to speak anent."

"And what matters have you to speak anent, then?" said his master, whom circumstances had enured to tolerate a good deal of freedom from his attendant.

"My lord,"—said Richie, and then stopped to cough and hem, as if what he had to say stunk somewhat in his throat.

"I guess the mystery," said Nigel, "you want a little money, Richie; will five pieces serve the present turn?"

"My lord," said Richie, "I may, it is like, want a trifle of money; and I am glad at the same time, and sorry, that it is mair plenty with your lordship than formerly."

"Glad and sorry, man!" said Lord Nigel, "why, you are reading riddles to me, Richie."

"My riddle will be briefly read," said Richie; "I come to crave of your lordship your commands for Scotland."

"For Scotland!—why, art thou mad, man?" said Nigel; "canst thou not tarry to go down with me?"

"I could be of little service," said Richie, "since you purpose to hire another page and groom."

"Why, thou jealous ass," said the young lord, "will not thy load of duty lie the lighter?—Go, take thy breakfast, and drink thy ale double strength, to put such absurdities out of thy head—I could be angry with thee for thy folly, man—but I remember how thou hast stuck to me in adversity."

"Adversity, my lord, should never have parted us," said Richie; "methinks, had the worst come to worst, I could have starved as gallantly as your lordship, or more so, being in some sort used to it; for, though I was bred at a fletcher's stall, I have not through my life had a constant intimacy with collops."

"Now, what is the meaning of all this trash?" said Nigel; "or has it no other end than to provoke my patience? You know well enough, that had I twent' serving-men, I would hold the faithful follower that stood by me in my distress the most valued of

them all. But it is totally out of reason to plague me with your solemn capricious."

"My lord," said Richie, "in declaring your trust in me, you have done what is honourable to yourself, if I may with humility say so much, and in no way undeserved on my side. Nevertheless, we must part."

"Body of me, man, why?" said Lord Nigel, "what reason can there be for it, if we are mutually satisfied?"

"My lord," said Richie Moniplies, "your lordship's occupations are such as I cannot own or countenance by my presence."

"How now, sirrah!" said his master, angrily.

"Under favour, my lord," replied his domestic, "it is unequal dealing to be equally offended by my speech and by my silence. If you can bear with patience the grounds of my departure, it may be, for aught I know, the better for you here and hereafter—if not, let me have my licence of departure in silence, and so no more about it."

"Go to, sir!" said Nigel; "speak out your mind—only remember to whom you speak it."

"Weel, weel, my lord—I speak it with humility, (never did Richie look with more starched dignity than when he uttered the word;) but do you think this dicing and card-shuffling, and haunting of taverns and play-houses, suits your lordship—for I am sure it does not suit me?"

"Why, you are not turned precisian or puritan, fool?" said Lord Glenvarloch laughing, though, betwixt resentment and shame, it cost him some trouble to do so.

"My lord," replied the follower, "I ken the purport of your query. I am, it may be, a little of a precisian, and I wish to heaven I was mair worthy of the name; but let that be a pass-over.—I have stretched the duties of a serving-man as far as my northern conscience will permit. I can give my gude word to my master, or to my native country, when I am in a foreign land, even though I should leave downright truth a wee bit behind me. Ay, and I will take or give a slash with ony man that speaks to the derogation of either. But this chambering, dicing, and play-haunting, is not my element—I cannot draw breath in it—and when I hear of your lordship winning the siller that some poor creature may full sairly miss—by my saul, if it wad serve your necessity, rather than you gained it from him, I wad tak a jump over the hedge with your lordship, and cry 'Stand!' to the first grazier we met that was coming from Smithfield with the price of his Essex calves in his leathern pouch!"

"You are a simpleton," said Nigel, who felt, however, much conscience-struck; "I never play but for small sums."

"Ay, my lord," replied the unyielding domestic, "and—still with reverence—it is even sae much the waur. If you played with your equals, there might be like sin but there wad be mair worldly honour in it. Your lordship kens, or may ken, by experience of your ain, which is not as yet many weeks auld, that small sums can ill be missed by those that have nane larger; and I maun e'en be plain with you, that men notice it of your lordship, that ye play wi' nane but the misguided creatures that can but afford to lo-e bare stakes."

"No man dare say so!" replied Nigel, very angrily. "I play with whom I please, but I will only play for what stake I please."

"That is just what they say, my lord,"

said the unmerciful Richie, whose natural love of lecturing, as well as his bluntness of feeling, prevented him from having any idea of the pain which he was inflicting on his master; "these are even their own very words. It was but yesterday your lordship was pleased, at that same ordinary, to win from yonder young hafflins gentleman with the crimson velvet doublet, and the cock's feather in his beaver—him I mean who fought with the ranting captain, a matter of five pounds, or thereby. I saw him come through the hall; and if he was not cleaned out of cross and pell, I never saw a ruined man in my life."

"Impossible!" said Lord Glenvarloch; "why, who is he? he looked like a man of substance."

"All is not gold that glistens, my lord," replied Richie; "broiery and bullion buttons make bare pouches. And if you ask who he is—may be I have a guess, and care not to tell."

"At least, if I have done any such fellow an injury," said the Lord Nigel, "let me know how I can repair it."

"Never fash your beard about that, my lord,—with reverence always," said Richie,—"he shall be suitably cared after—think on him but as ane wha was running post to the d-e-vil, and got a shouldering from your lordship to help him on his journey. But I will stop him if reason can, and so your lordship needs ask nae mair about it, for there is no use in your knowing it, but much the contrair."

"Hark you, sirrah," said his master, "I have borne with you thus far, for certain reasons; but abuse my good nature no farther—and since you must needs go, why, go a God's name, and here is to pay your journey." So saying, he put gold into his hand, which Richie told over, piece by piece, with the utmost accuracy. "Is it all right—or are they wanting in weight—or what the devil keeps you, when your hurry was so great five minutes since?" said the young lord, now thoroughly nettled at the presumptuous precision with which Richie dealt forth his canons of morality.

"The tale of coin is complete," said Richie, with the most importunate gravity; "and for the weight, though they are sae scrupulous in this town as make mouths at a piece that is a wee bit light, or that has been cracked within the ring, my sooth, they will jump at them in Edinburgh like a cock at a grossart. Gold pieces are not so plenty there, the mair the pity!"

"The more is your folly, then," said Nigel, whose anger was only momentary, "that leave the land where there is enough of them."

"My lord, (said Richie,) to be round with you, the grace of God is better than gold pieces. When Goblin, as you call yonder Monsieur Lutin,—and you might as well call him Gibbet, since that is what he is like to end in,—shall recommend a page to you, ye will hear little such doctrine as you have heard from me. And if they were my last words," he said, raising his voice, "I would say you are misled, and are forsaking the paths which your honourable father trod in; and, what is more, you are going,—still under correction,—to the devil with a dish-clout, for ye are laughed at by them that lead you into these disordered bye-paths."

With some more of the same sterling stuff they separate; and, as if his good

genius had left him; Nigel becomes convinced of the treachery of Dalgarno, and draws upon him in the Park, within the royal precincts, thereby incurring a Star-Chamber premunire, likely to cost him his right hand. Dreading the use which his enemies would not fail to make of this offence, Nigel seeks safety in Alsatia; of which extraordinary place of refuge we have a striking picture.* His abode here, assigned by the Duke Hildebrod, is in the house of Trapbois, a miser and money-lender, with an only daughter, Martha, an ugly and querulous, but shrewd and remarkable character. An underplot is laid by Margaret Ramsay to rescue him from the tribulations of Alsatia; but the issue is hastened by the horrid murder of his host, and the dreadful accompaniments of that act, which terminates in Martha's becoming the partner of his evasion. His course is shaped for Greenwich, to throw himself on the King's mercy, and he sends the distressed partner of his flight and her rich chest, for protection, to Christie's, but chance throws her into the arms of Monipplies; and thus a new interest is added to the denouement. His boatmen, Margaret's emissaries, endeavour to control his motions, but he forces them to land him at his own wished-for port. Here he is trimmed by a facetious barber, under whose hands he hears of several of his acquaintances in the following whimsical manner:

"Yes, sir—Malcrowder, sir, as you say, sir—hard names the Scotch have, sir, for an English mouth. Sir Munko is a handsome person, sir—perhaps you know him—bating the loss of his fingers, and the lameness of his leg, and the length of his chin. Sir, it takes me one minute, twelve seconds, more time to trim that chin of his, than any chin that I know in the town of Greenwich, sir. But he is a very comely gentleman, for all that; and a pleasant—a very pleasant gentleman, sir—and a good-humoured, saving that he is so deaf he can never hear good of any one, and so wise, that he can never believe it; but he is a very good-natured gentleman for all that, except when one speaks too low, or when a hair taras awry.—Did I graze you, sir? We shall put it to right in a moment, with one drop of styptic—my styptic, or rather my wife's, sir—She makes the water herself. One drop of the styptic, sir, and a bit of black taffeta patch, just big enough to be the saddle to a flea, sir—Yes, sir, rather improves than otherwise. The Prince had a patch the other day, and so had the Duke; and, if you will believe me, there are seventeen yards three quarters of black taffeta already cut into patches for the courtiers."

"But Sir Mungo Malagrowth?" again interjected Nigel, with difficulty.

* The description will remind the readers of the olden comedy, of Tom Shadwell's Squire of Alsatia, in which Cheately, Shamwell, and particularly Captain Hackum (a prototype of Pepper) represent similar characters with those in the novel. Belfont, too, in some respects, bears a resemblance to the adventures of Nigel. In like manner in Kenilworth it may be observed, that the language was founded upon, if not borrowed from the lower comedy of Ben Jonson; and this in the way which true genius knows to appropriate from elder times all that is necessary for its purpose, without servility or mean imitation.

"Ay, ay, sir—Sir Munko, as you say; a pleasant, good-humoured gentleman as ever.—To be spoken with, did you say? O ay, easily to be spoken withal, that is, as easily as his infirmity will permit. He will presently, unless some one hath asked him forth to breakfast, be taking his bone of broiled beef at my neighbour Ned Kilderkin's yonder, removed from over the way. Ned keeps an eating-house, sir, famous for pork-griskins; but Sir Munko cannot abide pork, no more than the King's most Sacred Majesty, nor my Lord Duke of Lennox, nor Lord Dalgarno,—nay, I am sure, sir, if I touched you this time, it was your fault, not mine.—But a single drop of the styptic, another little patch that would make a doublet for a flea, just under the left mustache; it will become you when you smile, sir, as well as a dimple; and if you would salute your fair mistress—but I beg pardon, you are a grave gentleman, very grave to be so young.—Hope I have given no offence; it is my duty to entertain customers—my duty, sir, and my pleasure—Sir Munko Malcrowther?—yes, sir, I dare say he is at this moment in Ned's eating-house, for few folks ask him out, now Lord Huntinglen is gone to London. You will get touched again—yes, sir—there shall you find him with his can of single ale, stirred with a sprig of rosemary, for he never drinks strong potations, sir, unless to oblige Lord Huntinglen—take heed, sir—or any other person who asks him forth to breakfast—but single beer he always drinks at Ned's, with his oiled bone of beef or mutton—or, it may be, lamb at the season—but not pork, though Ned is famous for his griskins. But the Scotch never eat pork—strange that! some folks think they are a sort of Jews. There is a resemblance, sir.—Do you not think so? Then they call our most gracious Sovereign the second Solomon, and Solomon, you know, was King of the Jews; so the thing bears a face, you see. I believe, sir, you will find yourself trimmed now to your content. I will be judged by the fair mistress of your affections. Crave pardon—no offence, I trust. Pray, consult the glass—one touch of the crisping tongs, to reduce this straggler.—Thank your munificence, sir—hope your custom while you stay in Greenwich."

Obtaining access to the Park, he meets the King hunting, just as he has killed a deer, and taking this inauspicious moment to urge his suit rather too strenuously, is arrested as a traitor and committed to the tower.

A single horseman followed the chase, upon a steed as thoroughly subjected to the rein, that it obeyed the touch of the bridle as if it had been a mechanical impulse operating on the nicest piece of machinery; so that, seated deep in his demipique saddle, and so trussed up there as to make falling almost impossible, the rider, without either fear or hesitation, might increase or diminish the speed at which he rode, which, even on the most animating occasions of the chase, seldom exceeded three-fourths of a gallop, the horse keeping his haunches under him, and never stretching forward beyond the managed pace of the academy. The security with which he chose to prosecute even this favourite, and, in the ordinary case, somewhat dangerous amusement, as well as the rest of his equipage, marked King James. No attendant was within sight; indeed, it was

often a nice strain of flattery to permit the Sovereign to suppose he had outriden and distanced all the rest of the chase.

"Weel dune, Bash—weel dune, Battie!" he exclaimed, as he came up. "By the honour of a king, ye are a credit to the Braes of Balwhither!—Haud my horse, man," he called out to Nigel, without stopping to see to whom he addressed himself—"Haud my naig, and help me down out o' the saddle—de'il ding your saul, sirrah, canna you mak haste before these lazy smaiks come up?—haud the rein easy—dinna let him swerve—pow, haud the stirrup—that will do, man, and now we are on terra firma." So saying, without casting an eye on his assistant, gentle King Jamie, unsheathing the short sharp hanger, (*couteau de chasse*), which was the only thing approaching to a sword that he could willingly endure the sight of, drew the blade with great satisfaction across the throat of the buck, and put an end at once to its struggles and its agonies.

Lord Glenvarloch, who knew well the sylvan duty which the occasion demanded, hung the bridle of the King's palfrey on the branch of a tree, and kneeling devoutly down, turned the slaughtered deer upon its back, and kept the *quarree* in that position, while the King, too intent upon his sport to observe any thing else, drew his *couteau* down the breast of the animal, *secundum artem*; and having made a cross cut, so as to ascertain the depth of the fat upon the chest, exclaimed, in a sort of rapture, "Three inches of white fat on the bricket!—prime—prime, as I am a crowned sinner—and de'il ane o' the lazy loons in bint myself! Seven—eight—eight times on the antlers, By G—d, a hart of aught times, and the first of the season! Bash and Battie, blessings on the heart's-root of ye! Buss me, my bairns, buss me." The dogs accordingly fanned upon him, licked him with bloody jaws, and soon put him in such a state that it might have seemed treason had been doing its full work upon his anointed body. "Bide down, with a mischief to ye—bide down, with a waulon," cried the King, almost overturned by the obstreperous carresses of the large staghounds. "But ye are just like ither folks, gie ye an inch and ye take an ell.—And wha may ye be, friend?" he said, now finding leisure to take a nearer view of Nigel, and observing what in his first emotion of sylvan delight had escaped him.—"Ye are nane of our train, man. In the name of God, what the devil are ye?"

"An unfortunate man, sir," replied Nigel.

"I dare say that," answered the King, snappishly, "or I wad have seen naething of you. My lieges keep a' their happiness to themselves, but let bowls row wrang wi' them, and I am sure to hear of it."

"And to whom else can we carry our complaints but to your Majesty, who is Heaven's vicerent over us?" answered Nigel.

"Right, man, right—very weel spoken," said the King; "but ye should leave Heaven's vicerent some quiet on earth, too."

"If your Majesty will look on me," (for hitherto the King had been so busy, first with the dogs, and then with the mystic operation of *breaking*, in vulgar phrase, cutting up the deer, that he had scarce given his assistant above a transient glance,) "you will see whom necessity makes bold to avail himself of an opportunity which may never again occur."

King James looked; his blood left his cheek, though it continued stained with that of the animal which lay at his feet, he dropped the knife from his hand, cast behind him a faltering eye, as if he either meditated flight or looked out for assistance, and then exclaimed,—"Glenvarlochides! as sure as I was christened James Stuart. Here is a bonny spot of work, and me alone, and on foot too!" he added, busting to get upon his horse.

"Forgive me that I interrupt you, my liege," said Nigel, placing himself between the King and the steed; "hear me but a moment."

"I'll hear ye best on horseback," said the King. "I canna hear a word on foot, man, not a word; and it is not seemly to stand cheek-for-cheek confronting us that gate. Bide out of our gate, sir, we charge you, on your allegiance.—The de'il's in them a', what can they be doing?"

"By the crown which you wear, my liege," said Nigel, "and for which my ancestors have worthily fought, I conjure you to be composed, and to hear me but a moment!"

That which he asked was entirely out of the Monarch's power to grant. The timidity which he shewed was not the plain downright cowardice, which, like a natural impulse, compels a man to flight, and which can excite little but pity or contempt, but a much more ludicrous, as well as more mingled sensation. The poor King was frightened at once and angry, desirous of securing his safety, and at the same time ashamed to compromise his dignity; so that, without attending to what Lord Glenvarloch endeavoured to explain, he kept making at his horse, and repeating, "We are a free King, man—we are a free King—we will not be controlled by a subject—In the name of God, what keeps Steenie? And, praised be his name, they are coming—Hillo, ho—here, here—Steenie, Steenie!"

The Duke of Buckingham galloped up, followed by several courtiers and attendants of the royal chase, and commenced, with his usual familiarity,—"I see Fortune has graced our dear dad, as usual.—But what's this?"

"What is it? It is treason, for what I ken," said the King; "and a' your wyte, Steenie. Your dear dad and gossip might have been murdered, what for you care."

"Murdered? Secure the villain!" exclaimed the Duke. "By Heaven, it is Olfant himself!" A dozen of the hunters dismounted at once, letting their horses run wild through the park. Some seized roughly on Lord Glenvarloch, who thought it folly to offer resistance, while others busied themselves with the King. "Are you wounded, my liege—are you wounded?"

"Not that I ken of," said the King, in the paroxysm of his apprehension, (which, by the way, might be pardoned in one of so timorous a temper, and who, in his time, had been exposed to so many strange attempts)—"Not that I ken of—but search him—search him. I am sure I saw fire-arms under his cloak. I am sure I smelled powder—I am doom's sure of that."

Lord Glenvarloch's cloak being stripped off, and his pistols discovered, there was a shout of wonder and of execration on the supposed criminal purpose, arose from the crowd, now thickening every moment. . . .

A boy, a supposed accomplice, is sent to the same prison; and the strong room there is a strong proof of the author's dra-

matic powers and observance of nature. The boy is the fond Margaret in disguise; and not only her discourse and manner, but a dialogue with Christie, who comes to reclaim his frail wife from her supposed seducer, and another with Heriot, are sustained in the happiest style. The story now verges on its close. Dalgarno's villainies are detected and defeated; and himself (with Nelly at his feet) slain by a lower wretch, Peppercull, who in his turn falls before Richie Moniplies. The faithful serving-man by this act secures the person and fortune of Martha, one of whose father's murderers Peppercull is: King James makes a play with the marriage of Nigel and Margaret—and strict justice is awarded to all the characters in this eventful and excellent drama.

In the way of remark we have little room, had we much inclination to say more than has incidentally been said. In our opinion it will almost raise the author; for though the story itself is less interesting than some of its predecessors, never in his whole career has he evinced more skill in developing and sustaining character; * in involving his natural fable, and making it consistent with the time and history; and above all, in so admirably constructing his machinery, and so finely managing his puppets, that every wheel and every person contributes essentially to the end, though when first introduced we can hardly tell why or wherefore either appear.

* In *The Lollards*, recently published, and already a deservedly popular novel (see Rev. in *Lit. Gaz.* No. 274,) a similar excellence is found: it is a curious transcript of ancient manners built on the rarest documents of the age of Henry V.

Le Renégat. Par le Vicomte d'Arincourt. [Abridgment—Conclusion.]

Guided by Ezilda, the boat glided lightly over the surface of the water, and passing through a cavern issued from the bowels of the earth, and the persecuted pair once more beheld the glories of day. [The valley of Fontanias is like the Happy Valley in Rasselas.]

Here Agobar and Ezilda found an asylum, and in the course of a few days the prince was recovered by the skillful application of medical herbs. One evening, seated at the door of Roderick's cottage, Ezilda called the attention of the hero to the magnificent spectacle of the setting sun, whose last rays spread a veil of gold over the lofty trees which covered the surrounding hills. Agobar pressed the hand of Ezilda. He gazed passionately on his liberatrix and his bride, and the Princess of Cevennes, more beautiful than ever, seemed to live only for him. "Oh my beloved Ezilda (he exclaimed,) I have long wandered in the burning desert of life; but I have now found the enchanted Oasis. Behold the invincible Agobar, the untamed tiger, trembling and prostrate at your feet!" A tear dropped from the eye of the princess, a deep blush suffused her cheeks, and in a faltering accent she said, "Clodomir, do you love me?"—"Love you!" (exclaimed Agobar,) more than man ever loved.—"Yonder is the church

of the happy valley! (said Ezilda.) If I really possess your heart, to-morrow we may be united."—"Have I not received your ring? (resumed the prince;) at the royal chapel of Lutetia have I not plighted my faith! What is wanting to complete our union?"—"The nuptial benediction," replied the princess. "And who can pronounce it here?"—"The priest of Fontanias."—"The priest of Fontanias! (repeated Agobar in a transport of fury;) and can you regard as sacred bonds a few mysterious words uttered by a stranger, and scarcely heard or understood. Priests! (he continued,) I know them and I abhor them. I was the victim of wretches who were styled the ministers of Heaven. No, Clodomir will never bend his knee before a priest!"—"Son of Thierry, (replied the princess,) at the foot of the holy altar you will not bend before a priest, but before your Creator. It is the blessing of Heaven! and not of man that we shall implore. As when surrounded by these enchanting scenes of nature, I see only Clodomir, so in the Christian temple I see only the Almighty." Agobar promised to meet his mistress on the following evening in the church of Fontanias, and Fate seemed at length to be propitious to the lovers.

But, alas! a moment of happiness is too frequently only the forerunner of sorrow. The Princess of Cevennes retired to rest, surrounded by hopes of felicity; but she awoke amidst the bitterness of grief. At day-break, the sound of the trumpet, hitherto unknown to the shepherds of Fontanias, echoed through the valley. The astonished Agobar suddenly started from his couch. At the sound of the warlike instrument, his martial spirit, which had been for a moment extinguished, was rekindled with twofold ardour. The door of his apartment suddenly opened, and with a transport of joy he beheld his brother in arms. What a moment for the Renegade! Alas, a secret messenger from the Saracen camp, had come to summon him to glory and revenge. "Athim still commands, (said Alas;) but the Mussulmans and their chiefs regard him with horror, and are ready to rise against him. They loudly call for Agobar, and as soon as their former chief shall appear among them, the thunderbolt will break on the head of Athim."—The valley of Fontanias had lost its enchantments. Glory and revenge now filled the mind of Agobar.

[He quits the valley for a castle called Miltad, situated between Cevennes and Angustura, and occupied by Mohamud, a powerful chief of the Mussulman army; no less perfidious than Athim himself, who has deluded Alas in this plot for getting Agobar into the power of his enemies.]

The prince and his faithful brother in arms were already far from Fontanias, and at sunset the travellers arrived within sight of the towers of Miltad. On reaching the draw-bridge, they sounded the horn: the gates were speedily opened and the bridge was lowered behind them. They were conducted to the grand gallery of the castle; the immense space was filled with Mussulman warriors, whose swarthy and

irreconcilable countenances presented an appalling spectacle. "It is he! It is Agobar!" exclaimed a voice: it was the voice of Mohamud. A fierce cry resounding from the extremities of the gallery, answered the signal, and the satellites of the traitor rushed forward and seized Agobar and his friend. "At length (said Mohamud, addressing the prince,) your career is at an end. In this castle, and by my hands the world shall be delivered of a monster, who has long been the scourge of his fellow-creatures.

The captives were conducted from the gallery of the castle, and conveyed to a subterranean vault, lighted here and there by sepulchral lamps. The janissaries withdrew. Agobar threw himself on the stone floor of his dungeon. His sufferings were at their height; but he was no longer possessed by that impious spirit which in his former days of adversity had induced him to vent imprecations on his fate, and to utter blasphemy against his God. Alor was on his knees beside him. He could no longer withhold his expressions of despair: "My brother! (said he,) am I worthy to bear that name! I brought you from the Happy Valley to plunge you into the abyss of perdition, to deliver you into the hands of assassins."—"Do not break my heart (said Agobar.) Let us not give this new triumph to our enemies. Let us meet our fate with fortitude!" The door of the dungeon opened, and a party of janissaries armed with javelins, entered. "Young Saracen, (said one of the agents of Mohamud,) prepare for death. The sentence of Athim, which was long since pronounced on you, is now to be executed before the eyes of your chief." The janissaries bound Agobar hand and foot to the wall of the dungeon, and, deprived of all power of resistance, he was compelled to witness the atrocious execution of his friend. Alor was tied to the fatal stake: the perfection of his form, the beauty of his features, his youth, his resignation, nothing could soften the hearts of his murderers. They drew their javelins, and pierced the pure and devoted heart of the young soldier. Mohamud and his janissaries retired, and Agobar fell motionless before the bleeding corpse of the companion of his past glory. A week elapsed, and a messenger arrived from the camp of Athim with the following letter. "To-morrow a decisive battle will be fought. It is my intention to convey the Renegade in chains to Iberia, and until the period of my departure I proposed to leave him at Miltaid. But it is possible that the warriors of Segorum may make an attempt to rescue the prisoner; therefore, immediately on the receipt of this dispatch, transport Agobar and all the Christian captives to the pyramid of Fabias. Should victory crown the Mussulman banner, we will convey them back to Miltaid; but should fortune betray, they must be put to the sword."

[Ezilda is recalled by Charles Martel on the eve of this great battle, as the heroes of Segorum refuse to obey any leader but her. Her reinforcement arrives as the French are retreating, and changes the fate of the day.] The Saracens retreated in their turn;

torrents of blood inundated the plain, and amidst the deadly conflict Athim perished by the hand of Charles Martel. But, alas! his death came too late. The perfidious African, at the appearance of Ezilda, foresaw his defeat, and dreading the thought of dying without being avenged on Agobar, he despatched an order to Mohamud for his execution.

[Ezilda is carried by her horse to the monument of Fontanias.] She hastened to the pyramid. But what was the spectacle that presented itself to her eyes! Agobar weltering in his blood! Ezilda uttered a shriek of horror; but the hero was deaf to her voice, his senses were bewildered. "Alor! my brother! I follow you, (he said;) but where is Ezilda—where is the angel of Fontanias!"—"Merciful Heaven! save him," exclaimed the heroine. Agobar started, and, raising his eyes, recognised his bride. "But his wounds may not be mortal, (resumed the Princess,) let me fly in quest of assistance." "Stay, (interrupted Agobar;) the poignard of Mohamud has thrice pierced my heart. Nothing can save me. Deprive me not of this last ray of happiness. Stay, Ezilda, your presence banishes the horror of death." At this moment the rosary which the princess wore suspended from her neck became unfastened, and her golden crucifix fell on the bosom of Agobar. The hero seized it and raised it to his lips. The princess triumphed. A tear of pity dropped from the eyes of the Saracen chief. He clasped his hands, and invoking the Supreme Judge, "Oh Thou! (he said,) whom I have so often offended; who seest the repentance that overwhelms me; cast an eye of pity on me, I implore thy mercy!" A deep sigh escaped from his bosom. Death claimed his victim. The noble son of Thierri was no more. The princess looked steadfastly on the remains of the hero. She shed no tears; the most perfect resignation was painted on her countenance.—"Adieu! (she said,) Oh most unfortunate of princes! All is now dead to Ezilda. Glory, power, country, adieu! My destination is fulfilled!" [The tale concludes with her seeking refuge in the convent of Amalberge, where she presents herself with an urn, is admitted and dies.]

Her remains were deposited in the vault of St. Amalberge. While, according to her promise, the abbess was depositing the mysterious urn in the tomb, the lid became unfastened. Two rings appeared. They were tied together, and laid on a piece of black cloth, which doubtless covered the remains of the son of Thierri. The abbess examined the rings, and to her surprise read the names of *Clodomir* and *Ezilda*. She replaced them, and deposited the urn beside the coffin of the princess. A simple stone, without either name or inscription, covered the tomb; and every evening the pious Abbess of St. Amalberge bathed the silent monument with her tears.*

* The great interest which this Romance has excited in France, is partly owing to the circumstance of the Renegade's being a recognized moral portrait of Buonaparte.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TWO COATS.

Farewell! Farewell! long hast thou worn,
Thou' dcluted, threadbare now, and torn;
A trusty servant, e'en and morn,

To me thou'st been,
And, grateful' still, I winna scorn
My guid old frien'!

Allen Ramsay.

SHAKESPEARE says, that many a man's coat is his father, and, like most things he has said, it is true. How many are there who would be *nullius in filiis* if it were not for their vestments! People say that old friends are better than new ones; I presume that this does not hold good as it relates to habits—for the person I mean—for, all the world prefer new coats to old ones, and all the world must be right.

It is now five years, when the sun shall have set upon the 12th of June 1822, that my late coat was brought home. With what delight did I survey it! how eagerly I listened to the exhortations of the maker, how to fold it up! how cautiously I put it on, and how carefully I felt in my pocket for my key, when I locked it up! Its colour was suitable to the tint of my mind—it was a bright green, with Waterloo buttons. Green coats were then the *sine qua non* of a beau. Black and blue "hid their diminished heads," or rather tails; and although now and then a brown appeared, it passed along amidst the scoffs of the multitude.

The first year every thing went well. I stalked down Bond-street at the full glare of half-past four. I was not afraid to meet the purse-proud stare of the glittering Oriental in Hyde Park on Sunday; nor did I shrink before the glance of a St. James's Blood. The second year, in spite of all my anxiety, an incipient whiteness began to appear on the elbows. The Waterloo buttons looked somewhat shorn of their beams, and the collar had been slightly annoyed by the too rude pressure of the hat; however, it had not yet had a regular wetting, if I omit the baptising it got from my gallantry to Miss Protocol, in giving her more than her share of my cotton umbrella. But the third year now fast approached; years rolled on, *et nos mutamur in illis*—and so did my coat. The thread of the lives of two of its buttons had been snapped; one was wrenched off by a friend, notwithstanding my agonized look, whilst he was telling me the fate of his farce; the other fell into a gradual decline, and died a natural death. The bright green had now faded, and had imbibed a tint of brown; the collar was dilapidated, the cuffs were in ruins.

I struggled on, however, another year, but I left my former scenes. I would go half a mile out of the way to avoid St. James's-street—I would go a mile out of my way, rather than pass Hyde Park on a Sunday. Three more buttons had fell under the scythe of Time: Something must be done—I sent it to be repaired, and I hardly knew it again. The Waterloo buttons once more dazzled by their brightness; new cuffs and collar sprang up like phoenixes from the ashes of their fathers; and though the fashion of coats had somewhat altered, yet

I held an erect head. But ah! this was a deceitful splendour—a glimpse of sunshine on a rainy day; the constitution of the coat was ruined, and it soon suffered a relapse.

At last my resolution was taken—a new coat must be ordered. It was a precept of my late respected uncle Nicholas, that one good dear garment is worth two bad cheap ones; and I always act up to it. I walked up boldly to Mr. S—, in Bond-street; and although I met with some broad stares at my entrance, yet when my purpose was known, every thing was respectful attention. With what elevation did I survey myself in the double mirror close to the window! With what *hanteur* did I bid the tradesman be punctual as to the hour! How fiercely did I brush by the beaux in my return, with the delightful thought that I should soon have it in my power to cut them all out. How many are the advantages of a new coat! a new pair of trowsers rather serves to contrast the oldness of the upper garment with its own novelty; but a coat diffuses its splendour through the whole; it brightens a withered pair of pantaloons, and revivifies a faded waistcoat; it illuminates a worn-out beaver, and even gives a respectable appearance to an antiquated pair of gaiters. A man in a new coat holds his head erect, his chest forward; he shakes the pavement with his clattering heels; he looks defiance to every man, and love to every woman; he overturns little boys, and abuses hackney-coachmen; if he enter a tavern, he calls lustily for his drink, and knocks the waiter down if he does not bring it soon enough. But a man in an old coat hangs his head, fumbles in his moneyless pockets, and stumbles at every third step; he is scorned by the men, and unnoticed by the women; he is jeered at by children, and hustled by *joyceys*; at a tavern, he enters the parlour with a sheepish face, knowing his right to be there, but fearing it may be disputed—the waiter sniggers, and the landlord bullies him. Such then is the difference which the outward man makes.

"Et l'habit, fait sans plus, le maitre et le valet."

W. B.

LITERATURE, ETC.

LITERARY FUND: BRITISH CHARITY.

THE sub-anniversary of this Institution at Greenwich is appointed for the 19th current, and it is expected that this assembly will, in some degree, partake of the spirit and vigour of the General Meeting, which was rendered so delightful by the presence of distinguished men, and the great amount of the contributions, reaching to about 1900*l*. In this sum we reckon the splendid donation of a thousand pounds three-per-cent stock by Mr. ANDREW STRAHAN, the King's Printer; the consideration of which liberal benefaction has led us to a pleasing view of the extent to which charitable feelings are carried in our native country. Not to particularize the multitude of funds on behalf of which every Newspaper contains appeals to the public, and the subscriptions, all amply filled, for the relief of every species

of distress, which are well known through the exertions made to obtain support for them; we have now before us an "Abstract of Charitable Donations at the disposal of the Stationers' Company, which affords such examples of princely munificence and pure philanthropy as to do honour to the land and age we live in.

The list of the donations alluded to commences with the year 1367; but the first remarkable grant is by

Thomas Guy, in 1717, of 125*l*. a-year, which is regularly paid to the Hospital.

Mr. Theophilus Cater, in 1718, left 50*l*. a-year for various charitable uses; and in 1757, a like sum and for like purposes was given by Mr. Daniel Midwinter.

In 1777, William Bowyer bequeathed 6000*l*. in stock, producing 180*l*. per ann. in "the hope (as his will expresses it) that he may be allowed to leave somewhat for the benefit of Printing." The interest of 2000*l*. Reduced Bank annuities is directed to be divided for ever equally amongst three printers, compositors or pressmen, of the age of 63 and upwards; of 1000*l*. of the same, to educate and support a virtuous journeyman compositor; and of 3000*l*. 4 per cents to be divided like the first 2000*l*. "equally between six" old printers, compositors or pressmen.

In 1784, William Strahan left 1000*l*. the interest to be paid to five poor journeymen printers in Scotland.

In 1798, Alderman Wright left 2000*l*. 4 per cents, in annuities, among 24 poor freemen.

About the same period, Richard Johnson left a sum producing 42*l*. 10*s*. 10*d*. a-year "among five very poor widows who have seen better days"—other contingent sums are to be added to this.

In 1803, Charles Dilly transferred 700*l*. 3 per cent annuities, for the support of two aged widows who had lived in better circumstances.

Mr. Strahan, the gentleman whose generosity to the Literary Fund we have recorded, in January 1815, following his father, the above William's example, gave 125*l*. 4 per cent annuities to the Stationers' Company, for ten poor journeymen printers—and within three years more, namely in 1818, another thousand pounds, for four distressed old printers above 65 years of age.

In 1817, John Nichols gave 500*l*. 4 per cent annuities, also for printers or compositors of good character. And

Luke Hansard, another living instance of benevolence, at two separate times, in 1818, 1000*l*. 4 per cents. and 1500*l*. consols. to be distributed in pensions and prayer books.

To close this brilliant list, Beale Blackwell, by his will in 1817, left a hundred pounds a-year, to be divided among twenty deserving journeymen letter-press printers on the anniversary of his death.

Recurring to the Literary Fund, we have great pleasure in copying the following, which is the concluding clause of Mr. RUSSELL, the American Ambassador's letter to Sir Benj. Hobhouse, in reply to an invitation to the Anniversary on the 21st ult.

"It is highly natural that with the occasion of this festival should be suggested the tie to which it points between my country and this; and I desire to reciprocate cordially the sentiments of your note upon this subject. The inheritance of English Literature which devolves upon the United States,

* Printed and distributed in 1819.

is at once their benefit and their boast; whilst to England, the prospect opens, of seeing her language and her books extended and perpetuated amongst countless millions of her descendants in that quarter of the Globe. This is a reflection full of interest to both parties; and I should have been happy to participate in the expression of it at the celebration in question."

* Mr. Rush's absence from the dinner was occasioned by a prior engagement.

HALIDON HILL.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S return to his allegiance to the Muse, as announced in the *Literary Gazette* of last Saturday, has naturally excited much interest in the literary circles; and we have referred to the account of that disastrous battle, in order to give our readers a foretaste of its poetical fitness. Previous, however, to quoting *Pinkerton* for this purpose, we may mention, on the authority of an Edinburgh letter from a friend on whom we can place implicit reliance, that the forthcoming Poem is a *Dramatic Sketch*, and likely to appear in about a month. The following is *Pinkerton's* statement. (*Vide Hist. of Scotland.*)

Douglas, stung with regret for the loss of his brave friends and countrymen, and inflamed with rage against March, his particular enemy, immediately applied to Albany for a body of troops, to be added to his own power upon an expedition into England. The governor consented, and dispatched a considerable force under Mordac his eldest son; the Earls of Angus and Moray also joined Douglas, who entered England with an army of ten thousand men, carrying terror and devastation to the walls of Newcastle. Henry IV. was now engaged in the Welsh war against Owen Glendower; but the Earl of Northumberland, and his son the Hotspur Percy, with the Earl of March, collected a numerous array; and awaited the return of the Scots, impeded with spoil, near Milfield, in the northern part of Northumberland. Douglas had reached Wooler, in his return; and perceiving the enemy, seized a strong post between the two armies, called Homildon hill. In this method he rivalled his predecessor at the battle of Otterburn, but not with like success. The English advanced to the assault, and Henry Percy was about to lead them up the hill, when March caught his bridle, and advised him to advance no further, but to pour the dreadful shower of English arrows into the enemy. This advice was followed with the usual fortune; for in all ages the bow was the English instrument of victory, and though the Scots, and perhaps the French, were superior in the use of the spear, yet this weapon was useless after the distant bow had decided the combat. Robert the Great, sensible of this, at the battle of Banocburn ordered a prepared detachment of cavalry to rush among the English archers at the commencement, totally to disperse them, and stop the deadly effusion. But Douglas now used no such precaution; and the consequence was that his people, drawn up on the face of a hill, presented one general mark to the enemy, none of whose arrows descended in vain. The Scots fell without fight, and unrevenge, till a spirited knight, Swinton, exclaimed aloud, "O my brave countrymen! what fascination has seized you to-day, that you stand like deer to be shot,

instead of indulging your antient courage, and meeting your enemies hand to hand? Let those who will, descend with me, that we may gain victory, or life, or fall like men." This being heard by Adam Gordon, between whom and Swinton there existed an antient and deadly feud, attended with the mutual slaughter of many followers, he instantly fell on his knees before Swinton, begged his pardon; and desired to be dubbed a knight by him whom he must now regard as the wisest, and holdest of that order in Britain. The ceremony performed, Swinton and Gordon descended the hill, accompanied only by one hundred men; and a desperate valour led the whole body to death. Had a similar spirit been shown by the Scottish army, it is probable that the event of the day would have been different. Douglas, who was certainly deficient in the most important qualities of a general, seeing his army begin to disperse, at length attempted to descend the hill; but the English archers, retiring a little, sent a flight of arrows so sharp and strong that no armour could withstand; and the Scottish leader himself, whose panoply was of remarkable temper, fell under five wounds, though not mortal. The English men of arms, knights or squires, did not strike one blow, but remained spectators of the rout, which was now complete. Great numbers of the Scots were slain, and near five hundred perished in the river Tweed upon their flight. Among the illustrious captives were Douglas, whose chief wound deprived him of an eye; Murdac son of Albany; the Earls of Moray, and Angus; and about twenty-four gentlemen of eminent rank and power. The chief slain were Swinton, Gordon, Livingston of Calendar, Ramsay of Dalhousie, Walter Sinclair, Roger Gordon, Walter Scot, and others. Such was the issue of the unfortunate battle of Homildon.

To this we have only to add, that Gordon falls first; and Swinton is slain while standing over and defending the body of his former foe. The poem, for which these circumstances furnish fine materials, will be about the length of one of Lord Byron's smaller publications.

MR. MILMAN'S ANACHRONISM.

In our critique of *Belshazzar*, we charged Mr. Milman with an anachronism in the miracle of raising the widow's son. This miracle, the Reverend Author, who certainly might *a priori* be supposed to know something about the matter, places many hundred years before our computation, which is however according to St. Luke.

A letter from Reading, which we naturally presume to be good authority for Mr. Milman's opinion of the question, intimates, that the Poet's allusion was to Elijah. Mr. Milman's work speaks of a pale boy, a shrouded boy, raised from the grave by the Deity. There is no mention of any mortal or intermediate agency. Now one miracle of this kind did occur. A youth, on the bier, shrouded, and on his way to the sepulchre, was raised by the immediate command of God; and this was the miracle of the New Testament. We know equally well, that a child, so young as to be carried in his mother's bosom, was recalled to life by the prayer of Elijah; that he was not shrouded, nor prepared to be carried to the

grave:—And now we ask whether, in supposing that where Mr. Milman's narrative was directly applicable to one stupendous and comparatively recent miracle by the hand of God, and only figuratively applicable to another, remote, and almost lost among the splendours of the prophetic powers of Israel, we were not authorized in supposing that he had transferred his memory to the days of the New Testament, and in the imagination of the poet, forgotten for the moment the learning of the Divine?

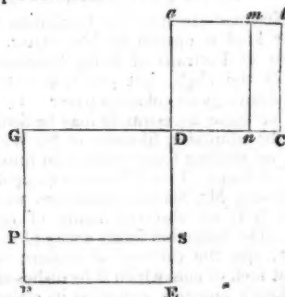
ARTS AND SCIENCES.

MATHEMATICS.

Agreeably to our declared intention of devoting a small portion of our sheet occasionally to curious questions in the science of Mathematics, we this week repeat the Proposition inserted in No. 270, and some of the Solutions which it called forth.

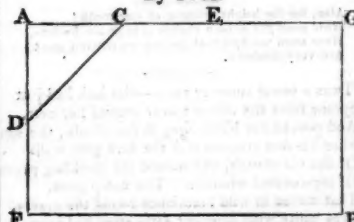
The Proposition is "to divide a rectangular parallelogram into two equal parts, one of which parts shall be similar to the whole parallelogram."

The following we put first, as a very simple solution:



To describe a rectangle (ac) equal to the half of cs and similar to it. Describe the square ce upon the greater side cn , and make the square ae equal to half ce find a fourth proportional, so that $de : ds :: dc : dn$ draw nm parallel to da , and an will be equal to the half of cs and similar to it.

By P. M.



Let ab be the proposed parallelogram: Take the part ae equal to af ; bisect ae and af and join the points nc , the right line dc will be the less side of the required parallelogram: it is also proportional to af : as $dc : af :: ac : a$ fourth proportional, which is found by the 12th prop. 6th book of Euclid. The rectangle by these two lines is equal to half the parallelogram ab , and is similar to it.—Time is precious—the demonstration is tedious, it is therefore left to the ingenuity of the intelligent proposer; however, if necessary, he may command it.

FINE ARTS.
ROYAL ACADEMY.

The same quality which charms in the picturesque, gives value to an Exhibition of Pictures; and in this particular our repeated visits incline us to think consists the distinguishing feature of the present Gallery, in which the different styles of the various classes of art, history, landscape, familiar subjects, and portraits, are presented to the spectator. The educated eye will trace the effects of light, shade, and colour; to their several sources; while to all who are willing to be gratified, there is ample field of amusement and gratification. In no department of art is the variety of which we have been speaking found more abundantly than in that of landscape, and we thence select some specimens to exemplify our statement. In our last, we took occasion to mention the works of Mr. Collins as in the first style of excellence for their charming simplicity.

No. 183. *A View on the Stour. J. Constable, A.*—This view presents us with another and very distinguished style of landscape painting, retaining enough of the Flemish to form something of its feature, but mastered and overcome by a distinct and original effect and character of nature. We could wish, however, that with the appearance of labour which marks the works of this artist, more attention were paid to the individuality of his plants and foliage in the foreground. His pictures too often appear as if, having expended his patience on the effect he intended to produce, he, like some writers we have met with, hastened to his conclusion too suddenly, even in parts of great interest.

No. 394. *Aqua-Pendente, from a Sketch by G. Cooper, Esq. T. C. Hoiland.*—In complete contrast with the view on the Stour, the careful and decided pencil of Mr. Hoiland gives us the epic form and classic composition with singular advantage; nor do we recollect a more favourable specimen of this artist's powers, whether in the beautiful contrasts of object and colour, or in the happy execution of his aerial perspective, and the floating atmosphere that seems to breathe around. We cannot look upon the beauties of Italian scenery but with a mixture of sorrow and regret at the almost exclusive obstacles which now oppose the traveller's visits to the romantic solitudes of fallen greatness. The most striking and picturesque of these scenes are the haunts of banditti, and can never be safely seen but with guards and attendants, and under circumstances by which the charm and the chain of association are broken and dissipated.

No. 370. *View on the River Dart, at Holne, Dartmoor. F. C. Lewis.*—We not only instance this as another variety in the style of landscape, but must further observe, that we often find this artist successful in some peculiarity out of the ordinary character of landscape scenery. In the view we are contemplating, the rush of water is ably executed, and the sparkling effect of light gives for an instant the idea of motion.

No. 13. *View on the Thames. S. W. Rey-*

nolds, sen.—Mr. Reynolds also generally presents his views under some singular effect of light or colour: and in the present subject offers us an opportunity of extending our observation by placing his performance among the varieties of style in landscape painting.

Nos. 154 & 190. Indian Subjects. T. Daniell, R.A.—It is not so much a distinct style of painting that characterizes the works of Mr. Daniell, as the oriental architecture and scenery which attend his performances, embracing every form adapted to the picturesque, with every variety of hue and colour that can charm the eye: his views are mostly seen under a clear sky, and always form a distinguishing and interesting feature in our Exhibitions.

The works to which we have so briefly alluded in this article, with the local scenery of Jones, Chalon, &c. are the leading objects in the several styles of Landscape Painting, and may furnish those who visit the Exhibition with a clue to those qualities of art which by their variety form the charm of every collection.

WARD'S GALLERY.

Among the sights which at present court the attention of the public, the exhibition of Mr. Ward's Gallery in Newman-street is not one of the least attractive. To a number of his other works this admirable artist has added here one of the finest productions of his pencil in animal life. The painting represents a bull, a cow, a calf, sheep, and other creatures of full size, excellently grouped, and placed amidst appropriate scenery. The bull is chiefly a portrait, but carried towards the beau ideal of that noble animal by the genius of the painter. His form is perfect, and the style of colouring of the highest order, not interfering with anatomical expression, while it displays the brindlings and shades of nature herself. The difficulty of this part of Mr. Ward's achievement can perhaps only be appreciated by artists, but its effect must be felt by every beholder. In short, having seen the famous bull of Paul Potter in all its glory, we have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Ward's performance would suffer nothing by being placed at its side; and a stronger tribute could not be paid to any work of art belonging to this class. The cow is very picturesque, and the innocent truth of the younger animal happily contrasted with the boldness of the one and the care of the other of the elder family. Indeed the whole picture is capital, and we can with much satisfaction advise its being generally seen by those who would have an idea of the perfection of art in this branch. All around the room are other pieces by the same masterly hand; full of variety, full of nature, and full of genius.

BONE'S ENAMELS.

The lovers of the Fine Arts have only to step from the Gallery of which we have given this slight account, into the adjacent street (Berners') to enjoy a treat of a very different and not of a lower order. Of Mr. Bone's Enamels it could not be but that the

Literary Gazette must have spoken often, and always in terms of admiration. Our readers are thus so well acquainted with these interesting works, as to render any description of them superfluous. We shall therefore content ourselves with intimating that the artist has liberally opened his rooms on Mondays and Thursdays during May, June, and July, with the series of Enamel paintings of illustrious Characters in the reign of Elizabeth, upon which he has been so long and so successfully employed. About seventy of these ornaments of England's Golden Age are here presented; and independently of the beauty of their execution, the powerful charm of fine associations in the mind is thrown over the exhibition. The eye rests now upon the features of a Raleigh, now upon a Spenser, now upon a Burleigh, a Bacon, a Drake, now upon a Leicester, and now upon a Shakspeare. The lovely Mary is there at peace, smiling by the side of her stately and hard-hearted rival. It is hardly possible to imagine any thing more replete with interest than this truly splendid collection.

SLATER'S PORTRAITS.

In Newman-street a third Exhibition of a similar kind is opened by Mr. Slater. It consists of Portraits of living Characters, done in the slight but effective style of tinted drawings on coloured paper. Of the merit of these an estimate may be formed from the admirable likeness of Sir Walter Scott, an etching from which is in most of the print shops. This likeness is complete; and among Mr. Slater's numerous works, (about 200) we observed many of equal talent. The collection forms a very pleasing lounge, and the contrast of modern with ancient men of note which it furnishes after Mr. Bone's enamels, enhances its claim to a visit from the curious.

ORIGINAL POETRY. POETIC SKETCHES.

Second Series.—Sketch the Sixth. THE DESERTER.

Alas, for the bright promise of our youth!
How soon the golden chords of hope are broken,
How soon we find that dreams we trusted most
Are very shadows.

'Twas a sweet summer morn—the lark had just
Sprang from the clover bower around her nest,
And poured her blithe song to the clouds; the sun
Shed his first crimson o'er the dark grey walls
Of the old church, and stained the sparkling panes
Of ivy-covered windows. The damp grass,
That waved in wild luxuriance round the graves,
Was white with dew, but early steps had been,
And left a fresh green trace round yonder tomb:
'Twas a plain stone, but graven with a name
That many stopped to read—a Soldier's name—
And two were kneeling by it, one who had
Been weeping; she was widow to the brave,
Upon whose quiet bed her tears were falling.
From off her cheek the rose of youth had fled,
But beauty still was there, that softened grief,
Whose bitterness is gone, but which was felt
Too deeply for forgetfulness; her look,
Fraught with high feelings and intelligence,
And such as might becom the Roman dame

Whose children died for liberty, was made
More soft and touching by the patient smile
Which pity had given the unearthly brow,
Which Guido draws when he would form a saint
Whose hopes are fixed on heaven, but who has yet
Some earthly feelings binding them to life.
Her arm was leant upon a graceful Youth,
The hope, the comfort of her widowhood;
He was departing from her, and she led
The youthful soldier to his father's tomb—
As in the visible presence of the dead
She gave her farewell blessing, and her voice
Lost its so tremulous accents as she bade
Her child tread in that father's steps, and told
How brave, how honoured he had been. But when
She did entreat him to remember all
Her hopes were centered in him, that he was
The stay of her declining years, that he
Might be the happiness of her old age,
Or bring her down with sorrow to the grave,
Her words grew inarticulate, and sobs
Alone found utterance; and he whose cheek
Was flushed with eagerness, whose ardent eye
Gave animated promise of the fame
That would be his, whose ear already rang
With the loud trumpet's war song, felt these dreams
Fade for a moment, and almost renounced
The fields he panted for, since they must cost
Such tears as these.—The churchyard left, they
pass'd

Down by a hawthorn hedge, where the sweet May
Had showered its white luxuriance, intermixed
With crimson clusters of the wilding rose,
And linked with honeysuckle. O'er the path
Many an ancient oak and stately elm
Spread its green canopy. How EDWARD'S eye
Lingered on each familiar sight, as if
Even to things inanimate he would bid
A last farewell. They reached the cottage gate;
His horse stood ready; many, too, were there,
Who came to say Good by, and kindly wish
To the young soldier health and happiness.
It is a sweet, albeit most painful, feeling
To know we are regretted. "Farewell" said
And oft repeated, one last wild embrace
Given to his pale Mother, who stood there,
Her cold hands prest upon a brow as cold,
In all the bursting heart's full agony—
One last last kiss—he sprang upon his horse,
And urged his utmost speed with spur and rein.
He is past - - - out of sight. - - -

The muffled drum is rolling, and the low
Notes of the Death-march float upon the wind,
And stately steps are pacing round that square
With slow and measured tread; but every brow
Is darkened with emotion, and stern eyes,
That looked unshrinking on the face of death,
When met in battle, are now moist with tears.
The silent ring is formed, and in the midst
Stands the Deserter!—Can this be the same,
The young, the gallant EDWARD? and are these
The laurels promised in his early dreams?
Those fettered hands, this doom of open shame!
Alas, for young and passionate spirits! Soon
False lights will dazzle. He had madly joined
The rebel banner! Oh 'twas pride to link
His fate with ERIN'S patriot few, to fight
For liberty or the grave! But he was now
A prisoner—yet there he stood, as firm
As tho' his feet were not upon the tomb:
His cheek was pale as marble, and as cold;
But his lip trembled not, and his dark eyes
Glanced proudly round. But when they bared
his breast

For the death-shot, and took a portrait thence,
He clenched his hands, and gasped, and one deep sob
Of agony burst from him; and he hid
His face awhile—his mother's look was there.
He could not steel his soul when he recalled

The bitterness of her despair. It passed—
That moment of wild anguish; he knelt down;
That sunbeam shed its glory over one,
Young, proud, and brave, nerved in deep energy;
The next fell over cold and bloody clay. —
—There is a deep voiced sound from yonder vale
Which ill accords with the sweet music made
By the light birds nestling by those green elms,
And a strange contrast to the blossomed thorns.
Dark plumes are waving, and a silent hearse
Is winding through that lane. They told it bore
A Widow, who died of a broken heart;
Her child, her soul's last treasure,—he had been
Shot for desertion! L. E. L.

[In the Fifth Sketch, last week, the first seven lines should have been printed as a head to the poem.]

SONNET.

Imitated from one of Scarron's—the words of which I have forgotten.

I stood upon St. Peter's battlement,
And my eye wander'd o'er Imperial Rome,
And I thought sadly on the fatal doom
'Neath which her ancient palaces had bent;
Of temple and tower outrageously uprent,
Or mouldered into dust by slow decay;
Of halls where godlike Cæsar once bore sway,
Or glorious Tully fulmin'd eloquent!

So shall all earthly fade! What wonder, then,
If Time can make such all-unsparring wreck—
If neither genius, art, nor skill of men
Can even pretend his felon hand to check—
That this old coat, I've worn these three years past,
Should on each elbow want a patch at last?

I. A. B. T. C. D.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

[OUR Paris letter of the 19th ultimo contains the following notice of the Abbé SICARD, whose recent death has been noticed in all the Journals.]

The death of the Abbé Sicard is a great loss to the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, which he had superintended with so much success for upwards of twenty years. The death of this distinguished man is also severely felt by the inhabitants of Paris, to whom the Sittings of the Institution, at which the Abbé Sicard presided, were a source of novel and instructive amusement. Sicard had succeeded in expressing by signs to the deaf and dumb, not only physical objects, but even ideas and abstract things. He had profoundly studied the philosophy of language and grammar, as the works he published on those subjects sufficiently prove; and this study he applied to the instruction of the deaf and dumb, and gave the power of thought to beings who were formerly taught only to express their physical wants. Endowed with an easy and agreeable flow of eloquence, he frequently entertained a numerous audience for a whole morning or evening, in discoursing on those labours to which he had devoted himself in common with his pupils. If his health permitted, he regularly held a public meeting every month, to which all were admitted who chose to attend, and at which the foreigners residing in Paris rarely failed to be present. It was no easy task to divert a Parisian audience with children who uttered not a word; but their teacher spoke for them; and he invited the

well-informed part of his auditory to participate in the examination of the deaf and dumb, and thus enabled them to witness the development of their moral faculties, which presented to the philosophic observer a most interesting spectacle. The Abbé Sicard succeeded in cultivating the mental powers of one of his pupils, named Massieu, to such a degree that he was enabled to assist his master, and become, in his turn, the tutor of his unfortunate companions. Massieu always astonished the audience at the public meetings by the originality of his ideas, and the unexpected reflections which arose solely out of the efforts of his own mind. Some of his sayings have been much admired in France, and are even known in foreign countries. He called gratitude the *memory of the heart*; and he designated hearing by the term *auricular sight*. As soon as he was able to earn a little money, he wished to send it all to his parents, observing, that *to give to one's parents was to repay*. He called hope the *blossom of prosperity*, and eternity a *day without either yesterday or to-morrow*. The Abbé Sicard was the first, I believe, who ever made a thinking being of one born deaf and dumb. Massieu undoubtedly possesses great natural powers, but without an able instructor those powers would probably have remained dormant through bodily infirmity. Some persons censure the public meetings held by the Abbé Sicard at the Deaf and Dumb Institution, on the ground that they were representations at which misfortune was exposed to the public eye through the wish of gaining notoriety; and some have even discovered a little quackery in the exercises which the Abbé made his pupils perform. But it is difficult to satisfy every one: what will please ten persons will sometimes offend the eleventh. There was perhaps a little ostentation in the public Sittings of the Institution; but the Abbé interested the public in favour of an unfortunate class of beings with whom society generally maintains but little intercourse; and he inspired the Deaf and Dumb with courage and emulation, by gaining for them marks of interest from those who formerly regarded them only with pity.

VARIETIES.

The Haymarket Theatre is appointed to open on the 17th, and Madame Vestris has been added to the company.

Choices for Benefits.—Mrs. Davison took the *Jealous Wife* for her benefit; Mr. Liston, on taking leave of the stage, *The Way to Keep Him*; Mr. Kean *The Roman Actor*, and generously appropriated the receipts to the relief of the Irish peasantry; MADAME VESTRIS, *The Peasant Boy*.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.—This pleasing resort opened on Monday under new Proprietors and new arrangements. The weather is propitious for the enjoyment of Fresco entertainments, and the Gardens have been well attended. Singing, fireworks, ropedancing, and the usual routine of amusements, are provided; and considerable improvements have taken place in respect

to the Victualling Board, the wines being at common Tavern prices, and the sandwiches of a certain degree of solidity. As they feel their strength, it may be expected that the conductors of the concern will still mend their plans. Slight dramatic Interludes, Jugglers, and other means might be suggested.

Puns desperate, in a dialogue between A and B—A. If I (being, as I am, Roman Catholic) ate a mutton kidney in Lent, how would it be like a hint? B. Because it is *insinuated* (in sin you ate it.) But if you were deep in love, how are you like the mutton kidney itself? A. Because it is *infatuated* (in fat you eat it.)

Keller, the Irish barrister, of whom we gave an anecdote last week, was one of the very last of the old school, of which Curran, Lord Yelverton, &c. were the chief stars. They were men of great colloquial wit, but, like most bar-jokers, sadly addicted to punning. Keller was particularly so; and a clever, though rather too severe jeu d'esprit, written on the occasion of Mr. Roger O'Connor's trial in Ireland for highway robbery, where Keller, with Sir Francis Burdett and others, attended as witnesses to character, introduced him in this point of view:

For character too I shall draw
On my old friend sly Jerry the punster,
Not one of your barristers raw,
But the Barrister senior of Munster.

The nickname stuck to him, to his no little annoyance. He was senior barrister of Munster for several years before his death.

An Irish Lexicographer.—A Mr. Walker, formerly a fellow in Dublin College, has lately given an edition of select dialogues from Lucian, to which he subjoins a Lexicon of the words occurring in the course of the work. Among these is *Διατρομα*, interpreted, "To live," with a reference to a particular passage, which whimsically enough happens to be *Εὐπλοκουμένη*—καὶ τῶν ἁλλων ὁμιλιῶν τῶν νεκρῶν κατὰ ἰδίαν καὶ κατὰ φίλα διατρομαίοντες, where, by substituting the only interpretation given by Walker, we have a tolerably fair Hibernicism: "We found a crowd of dead people living," &c.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

MAY.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday	23 from 45 to 63	30.22 to 30.11
Friday	24 from 41 to 66	30.03 to 29.99
Saturday	25 from 46 to 69	29.92 to 29.85
Sunday	26 from 41 to 64	29.76 to 29.85
Monday	27 from 40 to 67	30.05 to 30.03
Tuesday	28 from 54 to 68	30.11 to 30.17
Wed.	29 from 45 to 75	30.18 to 30.21
Rain fallen during the week, 5 of an inch.		
Thursday	30 from 40 to 74	30.20 to 30.19
Friday	31 from 45 to 77	30.25 to 30.20
Sat. JUNE	1 from 40 to 77	30.16 to 30.13
Sunday	2 from 47 to 77	30.17 to 30.13
Monday	3 from 47 to 79	30.18 to 30.20
Tuesday	4 from 40 to 83	30.17 to 30.13
Wednesday	5 from 49 to 84	30.13 to 30.11
The weather generally clear.		
Edmonton.		JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor requests, if agreeable, W. B. E.—'s address; if not so, upon an intimation; he will write to him at the Lit. Gaz. Office.

ADVERTISEMENTS

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